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MY EARLY DAYS.

BY WALTER FURGUSON, ESQ. BOSTON. 1827.

Since one of the reasons for undertaking the publication of our humble periodical was, that it would afford an opportunity to its contributors to commence early to practise those different kinds of composition, which may be useful and necessary in after life, we trust that the insertion of an article purporting to be a review, will not call down upon us the charge of presumption. Besides, the little volume we are to remark upon is so unpretending, that it will scarcely gain notice at the higher tribunals, and may therefore be well considered in this moot court of literature.

The work before us is of great merit, and evidently the production of a mind of a high order. It is eminently characterized by its simple beauty, its deep feeling, and more especially by its purity of style and sentiment. Under the fictitious name of Walter Furguson, it presents itself to the world, as a simple narrative of the author's early years. He represents himself as the son of a Scotch clergyman, who dissenting from the established church, emigrated to the north of Ireland and married the daughter of a wealthy tradesman. The match however displeased the bride's father, and although he gave his consent to the union, the lady was compelled to

sacrifice her fortune to her affections. The young couple continued to reside with a kind relative during six years, when an increasing family called upon the minister for increased exertion, and he accepted a call from a congregation in a village called Glen-O. After Walter had left the village school, and was pursuing his classical studies under his parents' direction, his father undertook the education of the heir of Sir John Fitz-Maurice, who owned the estate of Glen-O. A friendship was speedily formed between the boys, and all the incidents of the book grow out of this connexion. Such is a skeleton of the plot, (if it may be so called,) and as our readers must readily see, the volume derives its interest from something besides the story.

The style in which the volume is written is pure, easy, poetical and feeling; combining much simplicity with considerable pathos. It somewhat resembles the works of Wilson, though the closing pages partake of the nervous and abrupt manner of the Opium-eater. Furguson (for by this name the author chooses to be known) possesses the rare power of clothing the simplest scenes of domestic life, and the most trivial occurrences with such beautiful coloring, that they will attract even the cold and phlegmatic. He is evidently a man of deep feeling, and one who has learned from experience the hollowness and heartlessness of the world. He throws the genius and talent of his manhood around his early days, like one who would robe in beauty the brightest and happiest hours of life. As if childhood were the pet lamb of his thoughts, he decks it out with all the beautiful flowers he has gathered on his journey through the world. He tells his nursery tale, as it were, with such feeling and simplicity, that we believe few who have lived even a third part of their three score years and ten can read it without emotion.

The work contains some vivid and beautiful descriptions of scenery, and some of the incidents are wrought up with considerable power. There is a playful account of the personal appearance and habits of the village schoolmaster, which must find some sympathy in the recollections of those who have ever been under the dominion of a country pedagogue. His thoughts, as he gazes for the first time on the ever-rolling ocean; the account of a broken sabbath, when, with young Fitz Maurice, he went on a water-party, and the boat was

upset on their return, and his noble companion swept for ever from mortal eyes by the eternal waste of waters; his reflections at his mother's grave, are instances of the qualities we have ascribed to the author. But although the work under consideration has many merits in point of style, power and correctness as a literary performance, it has still higher claims upon the public. Its pages are full of examples and warnings. The minister and his consort are well drawn representations of what a husband and wife, a father and mother should be; and their treatment of Walter is a beautiful personification of a judicious and affectionate system of education. We do not mean that the work is at all to be considered as a disguised treatise on the method of 'bringing up children in the way they should go,' or that the author had in his mind any idea of giving hints on this subject. Yet we think there is not a parent who may not draw from his pictures of the mutual confidence, religious feeling, and affectionate and devoted attentions, some practical truths worthy to be exercised and remembered. Indeed the work is one of those which introduces into the mind under the disguise of amusement, many important truths and much useful instruction.

Perhaps the most prominent beauty of "My Early Days" is the touching, tender and pathetic manner in which the social affections are therein described. Nothing can be more difficult than to pourtray the sympathetic feelings of the heart, which bind together the domestic circle. Few have succeeded in their attempts to do so, but Furguson is among those few. Like Irving, he awakens the gratitude of every child when he speaks of a mother's love, which suffereth, liveth and endureth to the last; which never resigns or blinds its eyes against hope, when hoping can send one ray of light to brighten the dark character of a son. Indeed a mother's affection is the only phœnix which is not consumed; deceived, despised, put out it may be, but it arises again and again with all its glow and warmth from the very ashes ingratitude would heap upon it; and when at last it dies, because death stills for ever the heart where it made its rest, many and bitter will be the tears of him who has sinned against such affection.

There is in these sketches a beautiful strain of moral and religious instruction breathing in harmony with the aspirations

of every unwarped and unsceptical mind. He who has seen the contentions, the bad feeling abroad in the busy world, the dissipated man, the unbeliever, the scoffer, must all feel as if they would give wealth and power, pleasure and rank for the peace and quiet which gladdened the fireside of the Pastor of Glen-O.

Upon looking over the pages we have written, we are reminded that it is time to bring our remarks to a close. A similar objection to that sometimes raised against the Sketch Book, and which has deprived the works of Wilson of much of their merited popularity, may be made to "My Early Days," *viz.* that it is too full of sentiment. There seems to be in these misanthropic, horror-loving times, a growing distaste for works which profess to describe the milder feelings of the heart. The scepticism and daring assertions of Vivian Grey, the genteel dissipation and immorality of Almacks, occupy almost the whole attention of the novel-reading community. The truth is, every literary frog is trying to swell himself into an ox. Every unfledged critic is descanting upon the poetry of Dante, Ariosto, and Milton, or talking large about the German literati. This is well enough for those who have visited the mistress of the world, and resided at European universities; for those who are to take a station among the telegraph men of literature to spread far and wide the beauties of letters. But it is not for beardless youth to wrestle with giants. This learned spirit of which we speak, this love of what is called strength and genius, has almost overshadowed those simple productions, whose influence ought to purify the heart. Any body may laugh at sentiment, but unless his heart is of stone, his derision must be forced, and the tear of sensibility will moisten his eye in the midst of his merriment. Every one has heard of the clown, who visited the theatre to see some great comic actor personate the character of a rustic, and came away disgusted because it was so natural; thus some may throw down the volume we are noticing, because it is so like their own feelings, so similar to their own emotions, not recollecting that it is the prerogative of genius alone to describe common feelings, so that common minds may recognise them as old acquaintances. This is the kind of sentiment we would uphold, and this is the kind of sentiment which hallows the sketches of Walter Furguson. He paints

the secrets of the heart, so that every one feels he has such emotions within his own bosom.

It may also be said that the unpretending events which the volume relates, are not calculated to produce the strong, soul-moving effects ascribed to them. This charge, however, will only be brought forward by those who make themselves, with all their selfish feelings, all the cold maxims, and all the prejudices caught from an extended intercourse with the world, the hero of any particular scene. But when the whole of the simplicity and retirement of Walter's boyhood are taken into consideration, nothing strained or unnatural will be found in the volume. There are however some sentiments and some feelings ascribed to his earliest days, which are rather too lofty; but this must be expected whenever manhood is trying to live over again his early days.

That the work may have faults we do not deny, but we have found none worth noticing, excepting that the book contains only 148 small pages. Advising all who wish to pass two hours in looking back on the first days of life, and in pleasing, quiet contemplation, to read it, we shall close our imperfect notice of "My Early Days," with a few extracts, not the best that may be found, and selected principally for their brevity. The following are his reflections concerning those who would laugh at his seriousness when speaking of the trifles of his youth.

"There are some who may be disposed to mock the seriousness with which I particularize the facts and impressions of these times. Let them do so that please,—I care not. I despise the man who can think lightly of his early days. A mind of this stamp must be a total stranger to that reflection which tells us all we know of the philosophy of life. Such an one sits in his easy-chair,—looks wisely,—speculates deeply,—speaks profoundly. With him 'childhood and youth are vanity.'—Wrapped up in self-sufficiency, he deems not that his mightiest schemes weigh less in the eternal balance, than the veriest sports of boyhood. The pranks and plans of infancy are the airy effervescence of uncalculating single-heartedness. They are shed from the young spirit's beauty, like the sweet perfume of a flower; whereas, the tricks of your men of houses, lands, bonusses, legal pleas, and court intrigues, are nothing better than the marshy evaporations of the mere clod. The amusements of the boy are but a secondary matter taken up for health and exercise, and relinquished at the calls of duty. They draw together a circle of social enjoyment; they cannot exist in the presence of another's pain; they deprive no one of a

sound repose. Not so the sports of age; they are too serious to be thrown by lightly. Like all mere animal pastimes, their supremacy is proclaimed in the solitude of the heart,—they keep a continual vigil,—they occupy the whole soul like a feeling of infinity,—and, what is worse than all, the play-ground of the mischievous wanton, with grey hairs and accumulated years, is too often selected, with an unnatural levity, on the wide field of human suffering and human sorrow.—But I forget myself: my thoughts have taken this wandering course from a deep impression of the importance of those days whose brilliancy or blackness gives a coloring to all that follows after. The clue of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle-foot. Self-love would willingly seek it any where else but there,—whether our manhood press the green savanna, or tread the marble hall,—there will the backward glance of the inquiring spirit be ever sure to find it." p. 66.

We select next a part of his thoughts when his mind first opened to the beauties of Astronomy. We wish our limits would allow of the insertion of the whole passage.

"With such a disposition, it is not wonderful that the heavenly bodies should prove to me delightful sources of contemplation. The master always found in me a willing auditor, when he chose to expatiate on the mysteries of his beloved science. The figures on the celestial globe rather confused, than assisted, my ideas of the constellations. The fables connected with the distribution of these luminous groups, were indeed calculated to amuse the fancy, but I thought them very absurd: and no lesson gave me half so much pleasure, as that which I received when gazing on the beautiful orbs themselves, sparkling like diamonds in the vault of ethereal blue. When I was first told what was meant by the universe, the information I gained seemed to throw open the doors of an infinite and eternal world, and lay bare all its mighty and magnificent mechanism to the confined perception of my feeble vision. When I thought of the many engines that are at work in the limitless space,—when I considered that all the forms of light and loveliness that crowded the vast concave, were even less than unity, compared to those that remained unseen,—that most of them were the centres of invisible and innumerable spheres,—that probably, like our globe, each had its inhabitants,—my brain grew dizzy, and I experienced precisely the sensation I used to feel when, standing by the river-brink, on a clear day, I beheld the clouds reflected on the face of the waters, and shrunk with terror from what appeared to be an immense and interminable abyss." p. 70.

We give next his feelings when viewing for the first time the tremulous ocean.

"It did not altogether accord with the idea I formed of its tremendous magnificence; yet I could not but acknowledge that it

was wonderful--most wonderful. Its appearance on that day was not tempestuous, but troubled. The blue waves rose and fell, like the heavings of an unquiet bosom. They fretted themselves to foam, as a fiery horse when driven against his will. I marked the stern career of the rushing waters; I reflected, that for ages they had been travelling on their way, and that for ages they would continue to do so. Man might grow gray in watching the ebb and flow of the multitudinous ocean, yet he would observe no abatement of its speed,—no prostration of its vigor. It is a leviathan,—'a king over all the children of pride.' Yet there was something saddening, in its sullen and ceaseless motion. The vast company of curled and crested billows seemed hurrying on to the accomplishment of some mysterious and melancholy destiny. Many a goodly form had they swept along in their reckless course.—Like man himself, many a mourning cry did they hear, unheeding in the hour of their stormy and desolating triumphs. A coasting vessel appeared in the distance: I pitied the hard fate of the poor wave-worn boy, compelled to seek sleep and shelter in the arms of so false a friend. Sea-birds of exquisite symmetry and dazzling whiteness, wheeling through the air, and venting their shrill plaints around, conveyed to my excited imagination the idea of the spirits of shipwrecked mariners lamenting for their comrades on the deep. Sadly and silently I turned away from the mighty element, whose majestic form reflected so many images of sorrow." p. 104.

Our last extract will be a few lines found in his mother's bible, who was dying of a consumption.

"I go to the land where the pure spirits dwell,
'Midst bowers of beauty and bliss,—
Then why should I take an unwilling farewell
Of a false fleeting world like this?
Do I wish to live over
The past once again,
That thus I discover
At parting such pain?—
Oh no, 'tis not so,—
Though my tears overflow,
To my Master and Maker
I long to go.

"Soft voices are calling,—O, haste thee away!
The feast is prepared, and the song;
The guests are in waiting, and we only stay
To bear thee in triumph along.
Our pinions have power,
Unknown to the wind,
And earth in an hour,
We 'll leave far behind.
On high as we fly

To our home in the sky,
The stars seem to whirl
As we pass by!

"O, Father, forgive the frail being that grieves,
As she casts a last look below,
On two that are tender, and one, that she leaves
Alone, on a journey of wo.
For a wife and a mother,
Perhaps they 'll complain,
And the voice of another,
Would cheer them in vain.
When deep in my sleep,
A sad silence I keep,
They 'll call on their loved one,
And watch, and weep!

"Thou God of all goodness, and mercy, and love,
With my dying breath raised to thee,
I trust that thou wilt to these mourners prove
The guardian thou hast been to me.
Ere the soul shall have broken
Its fetters of clay,
O grant me a token,
In answer, I pray,
That I with no sigh
Of regret, may then die,
And haste to the heaven
That waits on high.

EXTRACTS FROM A VALEDICTORY POEM.

[We have been kindly favored with the MS. of a Valedictory Poem, delivered a few years ago, with liberty to make extracts therefrom. We commence by presenting to our readers the following lines.]

"But to our subject!—College life to scan,—
Let us describe its heroes if we can.
And oh! what words shall paint? what pencil trace
The faults and virtues of that ancient race?
Oh! who can tell? not ye who roam afar
Beyond the sphere of Learning's polar star;—
Not ye, whom science never taught to roam
Far as a College-yard, or student's home;—
Not ye, whose slumbers, with discordant stroke,

No prayer-bell ever prematurely broke,—
Whom, lulled by night-thoughts as sublime as Young's,—
No classic strains from bacchanalian tongues,*
No soft adagio, from the muse of *blows*,
E'er roused indignant from serene repose;
Affrighted, lest your windows, in the night,
Might transmit something weightier than light;—
Not ye, whom midnight cry ne'er urged to run
In search of fire, when fire there had been none;
Unless, perchance, some pump or hay-mound threw
Its bonfire lustre o'er a jolly crew;—
None! none but ye, whom Fate's malignant spell
Bound within ear-shot of a college bell,—
Who 've suffered from a student's tricks,—or worse,
Explored the shallows of a student's purse,—
Can tell the love of fun,—the wayward mood
That marked and still mark Learning's youngling brood.

For still, since Education first began
To trace distinctions between brute and man,—
Since schools and colleges came into vogue,—
And student was synonymous with rogue,—
Since fallen Apollo, on Admetus' plains,
First undertook to school Thessalian swains,—
Or Aristotle with his jovial blades
Talked, walked, and mused in academic shades,—
Since the *Falerian* in Camillus' day,
Who thought his youthful pupils to betray,
Was stripped and fettered by that son of Rome
And by his own loved flock flogged safely home;—
Till now that suffering Greece, in our own times,
Saw her brave students from the farthest climes
Return to fight for home and liberty:—
Students have been,—as they shall ever be,
While liberty and learning still keep pace—
The same wild, frank, warm-hearted, careless race.

* Let not the friends of College be alarmed, nor those, who still have faith in the good order of our institution, withdraw their confidence. This and all following allusions to disorderly practices, have reference to a state of things which does not now exist, and which, it is hoped, never did exist to the extent in which it is here represented. It is the privilege of all poetry to exaggerate, and the satirist, in particular, is wont to magnify the objects of his animadversion, in order the more forcibly to grapple with them. Eds.

Blush not, O! Harvard; for thy annals too
Have many a tale to prove this doctrine true;
Inquir'st thou, stranger, what are the pursuits
Of our alumni? what the golden fruits
Of four years' residence in classic bowers?
Think ye? is Learning gifted with such powers
To charm the fancy, that we all obey,
Will we or will we not, her potent sway?
Ah no! though sweet are Learning's treasured stores
And dear the light which sacred science pours;—
Though many a youth has left these ancient walls
Prepared to shine in legislative halls;—
Not all, alike concerned for future weal
The same warm impulse of ambition feel.

Ask *Her* who o'er yon azure vault presides,—
Queen of the night, and mistress of the tides,—
Can half of those, who at the dead of night,
From town returning, prize her joyful light,
Explain the transmutations of her phiz?
Her *apsis*, *quadratures*, or *syzygies*?

* * * *

Or ask yon dandy, who with starched cravat,
Stiff form, and face unutterably flat;
To hire a carriage for some festive day,
Wends to thy stable, R***! his joyous way.
See the glad *tandem* on its well known route!
Biped within, and quadrupeds without!
O! what a splendid, well united whole!—
Three living bodies, and one little soul!
Yet fear not thou, that mischance may befall!
That soul is *large enough* to guide them all;
Mark how they move! as by some fairy spell,—
How swift! how scientifically well!
With what amazement every passer by
Stops, to behold the giddy pageant fly!
And when the youthful charioteer he sees,
He asks—"Does Harvard teach such things as these?"

Or ask yon idler, who, when nature's gloom
Confines the student to his own dull room,

T'escape ennui explores romance's page;
And, if no coming *blow* his thoughts engage,
Lights candle and cigar,—awhile to soar
Above the regions of material lore,
To where young fancy reigns, with wing unfurled
O'er all the gentry of the novel world,—
Ghosts, fairies, robbers, gipsies and what not—
Wherewith thy tales abound, prolific Scott!

What various clubs our leisure hours employ,
Knights, *Deips*, and *Akribologoumenoi*,
Hermetics, and musicians of the night,
With those who feed their weekly appetite
On *hasty-pudding*—literary food!—
And ye too, of the famed *Porcellian* brood!
But O! let *black-strap's* sable god deplore
Those *engine-heroes* so renowned of yore!
Gone is that spirit, which, in ancient time,
Inspired more deeds than ever shone in rhyme!
Ye, who remember the superb array,
The deafening cry, the engine's "maddening play,"
The broken windows, and the floating floor,
Wherewith those masters of hydraulic lore
Were wont to make us tremble as we gazed,
Can tell how many a false alarm was raised,
How many a room by their o'erflowings drenched,
And how few fires by their assistance quenched!

But see! where yonder light-armed ranks advance!—
Their colors gleaming in the noonday glance,—
Their steps symphonious with the drum's deep notes,
While high the buoyant, breeze-borne banner floats!
O! let not allied hosts yon band deride!
'Tis *Harvard Corps*, our bulwark and our pride!
Mark, how like one great whole, instinct with life,
They seem to woo the dangers of the strife!
Who would not brave the heat, the dust, the rain,
To march the leader of that valiant train?

CONVERSATION.

———Si malè loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.
Hor.

Charles James Fox, on the memorable occasion of his rupture with Mr. Burke, avowed his sincere sorrow at the loss he must sustain. 'If,' said he, 'I consider all that I have learned by study, by reflection, and by the conversation of other men, and put it in one scale, and what I have learned by the conversation of Mr. Burke, and put it in the other scale—I know not to which side the balance would decline.' Such was the esteem in which this gifted statesman held the advantages of masterly, intellectual conversation; a conversation drawn from the most extensive reading, and the most profound thought, and the most delicate sentiment; a conversation which taxed the giant faculties of Johnson.

It is strange, that what men do every hour, so few should learn to do well. It is very strange, that with such brilliant recorded testimony to the worth and beauty of the art of conversation, as is constantly forced on us in books, new and old, it should engage so slight a portion of regard and study, from those who are compassing sea and land, to add to their knowledge, to strengthen their reason, to sharpen their perceptions. It seems to be a tacit convention among scholars, that their learning and wisdom shall not intrude upon their common intercourse. They appear to amuse themselves with an incognito like that which kings have sometimes assumed,—hiding the badges of royalty beneath the gown of the mendicant, and ever on the watch lest their rank be betrayed, by the sparkle of a gem from under their rags. In our unhappy times, a gentleman chooses his parlor talk, as he does his table wines, light and cheap. Compliment must be unmeaning, or it is not compliment. The province of courtesy is distinct from the province of the understanding. The drawing-room is intended in kindness, as a Sabbath of rest to the exhausted intellect, and if nothing occurs to us but common sense, we may be sure we shall best consult our own reputation, by playing dummy. Indeed, none now make pretension to the name of agreeable companions, but those blessed with the rare accomplishment of giving dignity

to folly, and an elegant consequence to trifles. When and where these articles of exclusion were signed, that lay the ban of fashion on every thing which approaches an exhibition of mental power, we are ignorant; we have only to lament the fact.

Conversation should have a peculiar value to the man of letters, as a sort of private, preparatory rehearsal of his opinions, before he sends them out to the public; and not only is he able to judge of their force by the impression made on his friend, but his conceptions get a reality, a life, a glow, in the eloquence to which he is unconsciously wrought, by his desire to recommend his own views to the reason and imagination of another. Any one who will attempt the experiment, will be amazed, to find how his thoughts on any subject are cleared and multiplied; to see what troops of arguments and analogies start up unbidden in the excitement of conversation, for the defence of his sincere opinions; "ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes." 'Talking,' said Bacon, 'makes a ready man;' it does also, wisely managed, make a wise man. And nobody was more diligent to improve, or more worthy to exemplify its uses than the immortal chancellor, of whom it is recorded by Francis Osborne, that "in all companies he did appear a good proficient, if not a master, in those arts entertained for the subject of every one's discourse. His most casual talk deserveth to be written. I have heard him at one time entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs; and at another outcant a London chirurgeon. Nor did an easy falling into arguments appear less an ornament in him. The ears of his hearers received more gratification than trouble, and were no less sorry when he came to conclude, than displeased with any who did interrupt him."

Many times each day are we offended by the transgression of some of those proprieties in conversation, which are always beautiful in those who observe them, and the perception and practice of which need only a little attention, and the exercise of the same good taste in this, as in the other embellishments of life. Why should the art of music be so sedulously cultivated, while this natural music of good sense, and good feeling, to which God has tuned our system, is never taught and seldom learned? No song or viol ever touched the soul, like a word fitly spoken.

One would suppose, that at college, where are collected the young during the great process of education, where stiff propriety is put to the rout, and the monotony of life is relieved by the gaiety and elastic temper of our minds, conversation would take its tone from these fortunate circumstances; that because of our buoyant spirits it would be lively; and because of our pursuits, intellectual. But no—even here, the embargo is laid upon the great staples of discourse, the doctrines contained in books, the subjects of our daily study, the subtile questions of taste, the curious speculations of philosophers, the affairs and conduct of men in history, ancient and modern, dead and living—all these are contraband, and if introduced at all into our talk, must be smuggled under some disguise of wit, or in the bustle of contention. To avoid pedantry, we banish learning; to avoid vanity, we discourage genius. All must be free, equal, merry, commonplace. It is ill for the interests both of learning and friendship, that our intercourse should not be regulated by larger principles, at this period of generous feeling and candid judgment. Could we get over our dread of being sober, and give a wider range to our conversation, it might be an advantage to us all, and confer on some a peculiar favor. According to the present order of things, those very scholars who most need the refreshing influence of hilarity and kindness, are the individuals most likely to be excluded from its enjoyment. There is frequently a student, whose labors and cares incline him to despondency. While he is toiling to supply the defects of nature, or to overcome the disadvantages of early years, removed from those who were accustomed to cheer his exertions by their tender regard, his fine affections are running to waste. He seeks the social circle; but he cannot readily catch the tune o' the time; he knows not how to assume their gay demeanour, and circulate in his turn the current scandal; his serious looks and words sour upon their dainty stomachs, and they manifest their weariness of his presence. He perceives that he is not welcome, and he goes back with one more disappointment, sad and lonely to his chamber.

We do not wish to be mistaken. We are attached, beyond measure attached, to the habits of college fellowship. We love the jokes, stories, laughter, songs. We love the healthy

circulation of opinion, the frank declaration of sentiment that prevails. We admire the independence of names and forms which is a part of the character of students. There is no respect of persons, no bowing nor cringing to rank or fortune. All this is noble, and it is because we see here the elements of so excellent a society, that we are anxious to have them mingled and attempered to a perfect composition.

We are far from desiring to see established that order of argumentative captious talking, which obtains occasionally in certain circles. A man must be careful that he advance no new or strange doctrine; careful that he let fall no casual remark, whose wit, he thinks, will atone for the faults of its logic. These defenders of the truth are in immediate alarm lest his innocent *jeu-d'esprit* be the source of pernicious error. He is vague,—he must explain,—reduce his brilliant conceit to their poor capacities; he must be hunted down with deductions, he must be tossed on the horns of a dilemma, and finally left crushed, like Tarpeia, beneath the shields of his antagonists.

When in future years we shall be scattered, each to his separate office and place, some far, some near; when from that distant hour we shall look back upon this period of our youngest, perhaps our best days, what will be the prominent trait which will give them their character in our memories? on what will our recollections most strongly fasten, as they pass in review before us? Not, I think, on the developement of mind, that accompanied their progress; more astonishing changes will have then been wrought in our capacity and habits of thought, than were here effected. Not on the consequence and honor which they saw us acquire; intervening years of action will have made us forget the incipient dignity of Academic life. But we shall think of them as the days when we used to have those pleasant meetings of friends and companions—those little assemblies, rich with the treasures of the mind and the heart, that were poured out in the warmth of intimacy and the flow of conversation.

"Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when,
Shall we thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Held at the Dog, the Fish, the Tunne?

Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine,
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine."

We shall then be sorry, that these golden days of free and hearty love, were no better husbanded. We shall lament that we were so prodigal of unreturning opportunities, unvalued friendship. We are able now to store up comfort for coming time. Every hour now spent in the exchange of manly thought, and cordial feeling with our chosen acquaintance; every hour that we rescue from shallow gossip, and crowd with the true conviviality of intelligence and affection, is a noble contemplation reserved to future years. It is a fair picture, whose colors age will mellow, not obliterate, and on which the eye will repose with satisfaction, when surrounding objects shall touch feebly our fading perceptions.

E.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

How bright and pure those moonbeams fall
Upon the glassy lake, and with a touch
More potent than the chemist's stone,
Transform the liquid element
To molten gold. The lofty trees
Cast their dark shadows far below,
And each bright silver star seems torn
From its own heaven, to make beneath
Our feet another heaven as bright:
Yet how deceitful is that calm—
How like our own deceitful life;
There all is pleasing; gayest hope
Spreads out her fairy scenes
Decked in the brightest hues—
Away with doubt! Eager we plunge
Into the waves, which yield, "not found."
"But where they mean to sink us."
But still how calm art thou, O lake,
How beautiful: and I could gaze

On thee and on yon moon for ever;
And is not this in truth the time
When "happiness most perfect" fills
The enraptured soul, while the full moon
Looks calmly down on the still world,
And all within is still.
And this is contemplation's hour,
Her holiest hour. Cares of the world
Away, and leave my troubled breast;
Fain would I hold a converse pure,
Devoid of earth, with those bright orbs.
What are ye—suns of other worlds?
Ye shine so sweetly on me now
That I could think ye spirits blest,
Watching o'er mortals while they sleep.
For if there be an hour so pure
That beings of another world
Descend to earth, it must be this.
Spirits of those, I once lov'd here,
Come to me now; I fear ye not.
Hark! how those strains of music steal
Through the still night upon the ear,
Diffusing through my soul sadness
So sweet I cannot wish it gone.
I only wish that those I love
Best upon earth were with me here,
That they might feel as I now feel.
Who is there so allied to earth
As at this hour to entertain
Within his breast one selfish thought?
And now that music dies away,
And fancy pleased could almost deem
The lingering sounds the kind farewell
Of those bright stars, as yon black cloud
Steals over them. Farewell sweet stars.

A. D.

KEY TO VIVIAN GREY.

But the puff collusive is the newest of any, for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility.

The Critic.

This Key is really the most ingenious "puff collusive," that we have ever seen. The author reasons in the following original and irresistible manner. Vivian Grey is a very malicious, but a most eloquent and talented production; it is to be found in the desk of every young lady, where it ought not to be. We do not approve the introduction of private characters and failings into a novel; therefore we are determined to unmask the author. Very plausible!

"It is not fit," say they, "that he should wrap himself in darkness while he strikes at his victims;" therefore we will bring him out to the public gaze,—we will expose him to the world; all which we shall bring to pass, not by printing the name of the writer, but by publishing the characters which he has obscurely outlined, or alluded to!

Now the direct effect of this is of course to make every one desirous to see this personal but exceedingly fine work; all young ladies of fashion must of course purchase it, because it is not likely to do them any good; and the philanthropic and benevolent will of course purchase the Key, in order to forward the attempts of those who labor to expose malice. This method of puffing is getting quite into vogue;—and indeed we strongly suspect that a certain very powerful and exceedingly satirical notice of our own labors was written by some kind friend to introduce the work to the notice of the public.

But this Key, though it may be interesting to the immediate circles round about London, cannot be very much so to us, who know no more about the noble personages alluded to, than we should about the nobility of the Moon,—if there are any nobles there. Therefore we determined to write a Key ourselves, which should supersede the Key to Vivian Grey. This being determined upon, the next thing was to find a book for which to write a Key. We thought at first we should be obliged to write one. But after long self-communings we finally determined to publish a Key to Nahant, which we are now going to present you with. It will probably make the fortune

of the Harvard Register and its publishers; whom we promise not to call upon for any portion of the profits, unless this number passes through more than fifteen editions.

KEY TO NAHANT, OR THE FLEURE OF SOUVENANCE.

Most of those readers, into whose hands this may fall, and particularly those whose memory it has not escaped, will remember that some months ago, a small volume, with the title of Nahant, was issued in a very superior style, as it regards its mechanical execution,—to the very great gratification of the reading public. But as to its mechanical execution, though to be sure it is rather superior to the literary, we shall say nothing. The only circumstance, to which at present we intend to allude, is the introduction of highly respectable private characters, under fictitious names. The illiterate vulgar probably thought that Cicero, Demosthenes, and others mentioned in the above work were really at Nahant when all this took place. This we hold to be an error. So far from supposing that these gentlemen were really there, in *propriis personis* we have the best possible authority for saying, that they never dined there in their lives! Now we will unmask without mercy a person who attempts to practise so palpable an imposition upon the public, and show who the persons designated under the above letters really are.

*Demosthenes	Mr. ———
†Cicero	Mr. P****
‡Lysias	Mr. ———t
§Apollo	Mr.
Venus	Miss ———

&c.

NOTES.

* It has been confidently asserted that Mr. H—— M—— is the gentleman represented under this name; but we are *positively sure* that it is no other than the one intended in this blank, which our readers will have no difficulty in supplying.

† The editor of the Harvard Register is not the person here alluded to, as has been strenuously though erroneously asserted.

‡ There can be no mistake here.

§ If every one, after looking in the glass, will endeavour to recollect who of all his acquaintance most resembles Apollo, he will

find no possible difficulty in discovering the pertinency of this allusion.

Thus have we fully and manfully unmasked the malice of this elegant though personal writer.

THE DAY OF ENTERING.

> See how they come, a mingled crowd
> Of bright and dark, but rapid days;—
> Beneath them like a summer cloud,
> The wide world changes as I gaze.
>
> *Bryant.*

The thoughts and feelings of him who is just entering upon his college life, though more simple and freer from sickening anxiety, are not less peculiar than those of the Graduate. Hitherto the changes which have taken place have cost but a few tears, which a new joy has quickly wiped away. Now are to begin those real meetings and partings which throw sunshine and sorrow on the journey of life. Thus far the hours have been passed in the quiet and rural seclusion of domestic life, but now the time is come when he begins to see at least the vast ocean of existence, and hear the roar of its troubled waters. Within a few days, boyish hopes, boyish fears, boyish sports, all that give such a thoughtless innocence to early days, are, in a great measure, to be given up. The feelings of the schoolboy are to be laid aside with his ruffles and his spenser, and although he is not yet to enter into the bustle of active life; to experience the cares and solicitudes which thicken around us as we advance into manhood, still he is to tread a path on which are cast deep shades, compared with the glorious sunshine which has thus far enlivened his way.

Few of us realize that at the time we enter into college, the *die* is forming which is to stamp our future characters. Yet it is so. Here we are to learn the first lesson of self-government. We have few guides, except our own strength of mind; and whatever influence is now exerted over us is

indirect. The eyes of our natural guardians can hardly reach us, even with the far stretching gaze of affection. And our friends can aid us only by those lessons which they have heretofore graven upon the heart. There are here no kind and attentive relatives to watch untiring our conduct. Those who are to direct us in college, kind, feeling and interested though they may be, cannot supply the place of the friends we have left at home. Duty and inclination may lead them to do much, but there never can be that mutual confidence which springs from natural affection, or that instruction which is conveyed by ever present example, rather than precept.

The customs and prejudices of college, good and bad, the dread of ridicule, the love of popularity, with many other circumstances, so stagger and perplex the mind of the youthful student, that few of us have, at the early age we enter college, decision of character sufficient to lead us to mark out the most proper course to be pursued. There is scarcely any one who does not look with sorrow upon some of the notions and habits he acquired by the want of judgment, the inexperience which characterized the commencement of his academic life. The bantering of older students leads some to break at once the silken fetters with which affection would restrain us; while the principles and gentle feelings of others are moulded more gradually but no less surely into the recklessness of college life. Not that we would be understood to derogate aught from the moral character of our Alma Mater. The tales of scoffers, and of those who would raise their own severe and unsocial principles on the ruins of every faith which differs from their own, the tales which these men tell, the insinuations and cowardly inuendoes, which these men are propagating, are false—false as they themselves know them to be. Harvard is as pure as any literary institution, and there is as much piety and morality, as much honorable and generous feeling among her students, as there is among any two hundred and fifty young men, gather them from what ever part of the Union you may. She *has* put men of worth and talents in the highest places of the nation. She *has* filled our pulpits with wise, pious and benevolent men. She *has* maintained liberal and high-minded principles, and she will do so yet, in spite of the quakings of the weak, or the malicious efforts of the envious and inimical.

But to return from this digression: we mean only to say

that there are necessarily strong temptations which few have sufficient firmness wholly to resist. There are evils too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, manners and customs which have come down to us from our fathers, partaking of a mixed character, though doubtless the amount of the good in college far surpasses that of the bad. But it may be that some unpleasant things are needful to the well being of our "little world," somewhat in the same manner as sin is necessary in the greater world around us.

But perhaps we have gone too far in ascribing so much to the first days in college. We may not think deeply on serious things. The perplexities which are continually troubling us, those feelings incident to us as strangers to the customs of the society we have entered, the novelty of the thing, with various other circumstances, may distract our attention, and keep the mind from dwelling on melancholy truths; while those brilliant honors, those happy hours, with which our young hopes and imaginations are decking the future; the elysium which our sanguine expectations create within, may keep out all fearfulness, and banish for a while the lowering clouds of disappointment and sorrow. We may say at this time with the poet,

> "Then haste the time, 'tis kindness all
> That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
> Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
> And all thy pains are quickly past."

CAMBRIDGE LYRICS.

Mœcenas atavis edite regibus.
Hor.

Dear George—descended from a line,
Where peers and lords their names combine.
To raise heraldic glory—
Come listen, while I point the ways
In which each son of Harvard strays.
A "true and pleasant" story.

He who desires to be a *big-*
Bug, rattling in a *natty* gig,
No-top, or chaise, or tandem,
Cuts corners with its glowing wheel,
And while his brains and body reel,
His steeds dash on at random.

While one, on fame alone intent,
Seeks to be chosen president
Of clubs, or a class-meeting;
Another, in his study chair,
Digs up Greek roots with learned care—
Unpalatable eating.

There is, who, strange to say, delights
In moistening days and likewise nights,
With Claret, Port, and Sherry,
Reclined at ease upon his bed,
Cigar-clouds rolling o'er his head,
He gently waxes merry.

Another joins the Harvard Corps,
And struts in arms ne'er seen before,
When his assessment paid is,
Admiring military life,
The rattling drum, the thrilling fife—
Sounds hated by the ladies.

Unmindful of his loving chum,
The sportsman stays away from home,
Beneath the chilling sky;
Whether his dog a woodcock starts,
Or partridges of luscious parts,
With whirring feathers fly.

For me, within the grove's cool dell
Praising bad jokes with "fair," "c'est belle,"
And toasting belles much fairer;
I spend the day in mirth or song,
And also use as *agrément*,
Punch dashed with old Madeira.

Q. H. F. jr.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

——Forsan et hæc olim meminisse
Juvabit.

Virgil.

[In the absence of a regular history of our Alma Mater, we have thought that a few sketches of the college would not be unacceptable to our readers. As to their extent or interest, we can give no promise; it will depend on the materials we may be able to procure. To those who are disposed to aid us in our undertaking, we would say, that any communications relating to this subject, directed to the Editors of the Register, and left with Hilliard and Brown, will be received with thanks.]

The pilgrim fathers, who left the comforts and conveniences of their native land to seek shelter in the wilderness of America, were no foolhardy adventurers. They were men of powerful minds, of unshaken fortitude; and if an intolerant spirit is found to have been mingled in their character with much that was highminded and noble, we should attribute it entirely to the age and circumstances into which they were thrown. They were men of enlightened minds, and (except on the subject of religion) of liberal views. They knew the importance of learning, and in a very early period began to provide for its interests; for no sooner were they freed from their most pressing dangers and necessities, than they founded the University which now holds the highest rank in America. Religion was the subject which occupied all their attention; it was the thing for which they lived, and for which they were ready at any time to die; and their devotedness to its interests early led to the establishment of a college. Great anxiety prevailed as to the means of obtaining a sufficient number of ministers of the gospel, since the supply from England could not be sufficiently large. Accordingly we find that in the year 1636 the general court appropriated £400 towards the establishment of a college at Newtown.

The Rev. John Harvard, founder of Harvard College, was minister of Charlestown, and had received the degree of A. M. at Emanuel College, England. He died of a consumption September 14th, 1638, bequeathing £779. 2*d*. towards the pious work of establishing a college. Whilst the first building was erecting, a society of scholars was forming in Boston under one Eaton. This man appears to have been

by no means calculated for the task he had undertaken; being noted for his avarice and cruelty, and after having been excommunicated by the church, he left the province. On the 27th August 1640, the magistrates and ministers met and chose Mr. Henry Dunster first President of the College. The amount of studies required for admission into the University at this time, was with the exception of mathematicks, almost as great as at the present day. It was necessary for an applicant "to be able to read any classical author into English," and readily make and speak true Latin, and write it in verse as well as prose; and "perfectly to decline the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue." Whoever could comply with these requisitions was admitted, and received a copy of the laws, which he was obliged to transcribe and preserve. It was the duty of the President "to inspect the manners of the students, and unto his morning and evening prayers, to join some exposition of the chapters which they read from Hebrew into Greek, from the Old Testament in the morning, and out of English into Greek, from the New Testament in the evening." The resident fellows were Tutors to the classes, and instructed them in Hebrew, "and led them through all the liberal arts before the four years were expired." Besides this instruction, the scholars had regular declamations on Fridays, and public disputations every week, at which the President and Fellows presided. For three weeks during the month of June, the graduates of the year attended in the recitation room on Mondays and Tuesdays, subject to the examination of all who chose to visit them. These were called the Sitting of the Solstices, or the Weeks of Visitation.

Commencement at first, took place on the second Tuesday of August, when the candidates for the first degree "held their act publickly at Cambridge." The exercises consisted in part of salutatory and valedictory orations, which were written in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It was customary also for the President to deliver a Latin oration. But by far the greater part of the performances appear to have been disputations. At the close of the day, in a manner similar to the present, the President conferred the degrees.

President Dunster continued in office until 1654; when becoming "entangled in the mazes of Anabaptism," he was

obliged to resign his office. Whilst Mr. Winthrop was travelling in the low countries, he endeavoured to persuade Johannes Amos Commenius to become President; "but the influence of the Swedish embassador," (says Mather, from whose Magnalia this account is principally taken,) "proving too strong, this incomparable Moravian became not an American." On the 27th November, 1654, Mr. Charles Chauncy was inaugurated. President Chauncy died in 1701, and was succeeded by Mr. Leonard Hoar, the first graduate of the College who rose to the dignity of being its governor. Whilst he was in office he became unpopular with some of the leading men of the time; and the students, taking advantage of this, raised a rebellion and left College. The Doctor therefore resigned, and died of a consumption caused by grief, in the winter of 1676. Passing over a period in the history of the College, comprising about seven years, we find that Mr. John Rogers was installed in 1683. It is related of this worthy man, that he usually made very long prayers. On one occasion, however, he was remarkably short to the great wonder of the students. It was afterwards looked upon as a special act of Providence, for on returning to their rooms, the scholars found a chamber on fire, which had spread to such an extent, that it would have destroyed the whole building, had the devotional exercises continued three moments longer. President Rogers died on the 2d July, 1684, three days after Commencement, and during an eclipse of the sun. He was interred in God's-acre, (probably the present burial ground.) A stone was placed over his grave with a Latin inscription thereon, written by Mather, at the expense of the students.

In order to preserve a continued account of the first presidents of the College, we have omitted incidents the date of which entitled them to an earlier notice.

The first Commencement took place 1642, and is thus noticed by Governor Winthrop. "Nine bachelors commenced at Cambridge; they were young men of good hope, and performed their acts, so as gave good proof of their proficiency in the tongues and arts." All the magistrates and elders of the three nearest towns, then constituted the government of the College. "Most of them were present at this first Commencement, and dined at the College in the

scholars' ordinary commons, which was done of purpose for the students' encouragement, and it gave good content to all." In 1643 the general court altered the government of the College, by committing it to the magistrates of the six nearest towns, and the President for the time being. In 1650 a charter was given, appointing a corporation, consisting of the President, five Fellows and a Treasurer, which, with the above mentioned board, were called the Overseers.

Edward Hopkins Esq. Governor of Connecticut, died in 1687, and left £500 for the use of the College and grammar school. Part of this fund was applied to the support of five resident graduates, another part to the maintenance of a master, and the instruction of five boys in the town school at Cambridge; and a third part was expended in *Deturs* to meritorious undergraduates. The legislature in 1800 enlarged this fund, so as to increase the number of graduates benefited to six, and the number of boys to seven.

Through the exertions of Eliot, and others, a brick edifice was erected in Cambridge in 1668 for an Indian college. But although several of the natives were admitted, only one, Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck, received academical honors.

The facts which we have here stated, are known to many, and are within the reach of all. Our only object has been to present them in a condensed form to our readers.

THE BATTLE OF THE DELTA.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Milton.

THE Freshmen's wrath, to Sophs the direful spring
Of shins unnumbered bruised, great goddess sing;
Let fire and music in my song be mated,
Pure fire and music unsophisticated.

The college clock struck twelve—that awful hour
When Sophs met Fresh, power met opposing power:
To brave the dangers of approaching fight,
Each army stood of literary might;
With warlike ardor for a deathless fame
Impatient stood—until the football came:

When lo! appearing at the college gate,
A four-foot hero bears the ball of fate;
His step was majesty, his look was fire—
O now I wish he'd been six inches higher!
His eye around triumphantly he throws,
The battle ground surveys, surveys his foes;
Then with a look—O what a look profound!
The well-blown ball he casts upon the ground;
How stern the hero looked, how high the ball did bound!
"Let none," he says, "my valour tried impeach,
Should I delay the fight—to make a speech"—
"Let it be *warned*," a youthful Stentor cries,
No speeches here,—but let the football rise."
Through warlike crowds a devious way it wins,
And shins advancing meet advancing shins;
"Over the fence!" from rank to rank resounds,
Across the rampart many a hero bounds;
But sing, Apollo! I can sing no more,
For Mars advancing threw the dust before.

Meantime the Seniors, on the ladder raised,
Upon the strife sublime, intentive gazed;
Secured from blows by elevation high,
The fight they viewed with philosophic eye,
Save here and there a veteran soldier stood,
A noble darer for the Freshmen's good.

But ah! I vainly strive—I could not tell
What mighty heroes on the greensward fell,
Who lost, who won the honors of that day,
Or limped alas! ingloriously away—
I could not tell—such task might well require
A Milton's grandeur and a Homer's fire;
A ream of foolscap, bunch of goosequills too,
Would scarce suffice to sing the battle through;
How many moons would wax, how many wane,
While still the bard might ply his song in vain;
Yet minstrel's purse and brain but ill affords
Such waste of paper, and such waste of words.

But see! where yonder Freshman Hector stands,
Fire in his eye, and football in his hands;

Ye muses, tell me who,—and whence he came;
From Stonington—and Peter is his name;
That coat, which erst upon the field he wore,
Was once a coat—but ah! a coat no more;
For coat and cap have joined the days of yore.
So when some tempest rages in the sky,
Shakes the Gymnasium mast, erected high,
That mast so sacred to Alcides' cause,
Which oft has made the country people pause,
Or wonder, as they pass at slower speed,
What can a college of a gallows need?
As when the aforesaid storm its tackling rends,
Rope ladders this, and wooden that way, sends;
Still stands the mast majestical in might,
So Peter stood, though coatless in the fight.
At length advancing to the neutral space,
He proudly waved his hand, and wiped his face;
Then with a voice as many waters loud,
He broke the silence, and bespake the crowd.
So oft when stilly, starry eve invites,
To wander forth and taste her fresh delights,
I've heard the *bugle* o'er the common sound,
Though all unknown by whom or wherefore wound.
"List to my words; from Stonington I came,
In football matchless, and of peerless fame;
Think ye, faint-hearted, scientific fools,
That such as Peter waste away in schools?
No, glorious battle called him from afar,
From Stonington, to hear the din of war;
Then if there be a Soph, who boot to boot,
Dares meet the vengeance of a Peter's foot,—
Let him advance, his shin shall feel the woe
That lives, though sleeping, in a Peter's toe."
He said, and ceased,—Jotham stepped forth to view.
A Soph of stature, and of glory too.
"Vain-boasting Peter, dost thou think thy hand
Can Mars and Jotham in the strife withstand?
Minerva aids thee? vaunter, learn to fear,
Mars in the van, and Jotham in the rear!"
He said, and furious rushed upon the foe,
As when two cows to deadly combat go;
Fate interfered, and stopped the impending blow:

For hark! the summons of the Commons-bell,
That music every hero knows so well;
All sympathetic started at the sound,
And ran for dinner from the battle ground.

RECOLLECTIONS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

During the last vacation, while looking into some neglected drawers in my father's library, amongst old accounts, deeds, &c. I found a small manuscript, entitled "Recollections." Upon examining it, I discovered it was written by a young Englishman, who, about the latter part of August, 1797, came with letters of introduction to my father. I inquired of several members of the family, concerning him, but no one could give me the least information. He died in about four months after his arrival, just as he was embarking for England. I have sent you the following extract from the MS.

L. A.

"Oct. 13. I have just returned from a long and solitary walk in the woods, which are clothed in all that variegated garb, of which those who have never left England can form no idea. On some of the trees the foliage was turned to a bright yellow; from others the brown leaves were falling, and the rich red of the maple contrasted finely with the deep green of the fir. I seated myself on a bank; at a little distance a hoarse and murmuring stream was with difficulty forcing its way, and at every melancholy blast of the wind the sere leaves came falling around me. It was a mournful scene; but it harmonized well with my own soul. There, too, all is dry, and withered, and desolate. Like these leaves all my wishes and expectations have fallen under the severe and nipping frosts of misfortune, and not a single green branch of hope remains, except that hope, O that it were fulfilled! of rest in the grave. May that grave be in England, beside one, over whom the tall grass and the wild-flower have long since sprung up. I wish to lay me down under those aged elms and yews where I so often gamboled in childhood.

"How often when I am alone does dear England and the

scenes with which I have been familiar rise up before me so vividly, that I fancy the current of life is running back to its sources, and even those occurrences which I should have supposed would long since have faded from my memory, come back to me so distinctly, that for some little time I fancy myself in the midst of them. It certainly is the power of misfortune, if it does not prepare us for coming griefs, to quicken our recollection of joys that are past. How often does memory carry me back to my native village, to my own home, with its long avenue of lofty trees, and its verdant park, where the peaceful deer were feeding, the formal terraces, and the garden with its gravel walks, its regularly-angled beds, and its clipped trees. And I even think of Isaac, the old huntsman, and Argus and Carlo, the house-dogs, who were so often my playmates. Then come my schoolboy days, with all their merry frolics, and my old tutor and his birch rod are despoiled of their terrors. Then memory hurries me on to other days, and recollections come, which, although my soul will dwell upon, and carefully nurse up, are yet painful to me. 'In my mind's eye' the scenes in which I was associated with her appear to me. I see the old village church, its gothic tower, its painted windows, its aged, silver-headed minister, and *she* is there. How often have I knelt with her at the same altar, offered the same prayers, confessed the same frailties, implored the same pardon. I think of my departure from home, my toils and labours; of the merry meetings in the old hall on my return. Then horrible thoughts of sickness and death come over me. I visited the church yard once more; I knelt on the tombstone, but not a word passed my lips, not a tear fell on my cheek. But I must stop.———

"I am now more calm. The clear harvest-moon is shining down upon me, and has diffused some of its own quiet spirit through my breast. Sometimes when I sit for a long time thinking, when I recall all I once possessed, and am able to realize that I have now lost it all,—when I contrast my present condition with my former happiness, I become almost maddened by thought. How calm and beautiful every thing appears by moonlight. O that my own heart were as calm! it is at such times as this that I most feel my loss, that I wish a few years might be recalled, and that I might be restored to my home such as it was in times gone by.

How sweet to misery's sons the hour,
Devoid of sorrows and of fears,
When memory through the vale of years
Fondly looks back to childhood's days.

When boyhood's happy scenes, but touched
By recollection's magic wand,
Like shadows from the fairy land,
Rise up to us, as once they were.

When from the chilling storms of life,
Our youthful hopes have long since fled,
And those we loved are with the dead,
And nought of joy is left us here;

Then retrospection's pleasures come
To cheer the heart that else would fail,
And fancy tells again the tale
Of former joys, and friends, and home."

REGISTER.

The Boylston Prizes for 1827, were awarded as follows. The two first to Josiah D. Hedge of the Senior, and Chandler Robbins of the Junior class. The three second, to Henry S. M'Kean, Jonathan L. Woart of the Senior, and Charles Fay of the Junior class.

The number of graduates at the last commencement was 43.

Students connected with the University.

UNDERGRADUATES.		GRADUATES.	
Seniors	57	Candidates for the Ministry	17
Juniors	61	Theological Students	26
Sophomores	48	Law "	8
Freshmen	60	Medical "	110
	226	Resident Graduates	2
			163

TOTAL 389

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. C. and S. G. can receive their MSS. by calling at Hilliard & Brown's.

Correspondents are requested to send their communications, as early in the month as possible, and certainly before the 17th.